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Or a house for sale
Or a garage to share?
Try a News Want Ad

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

If you buy our
community—and
our community
become of our own

\$2.00 PER YEAR

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1921

VOL. XXXIV. NO.

MANY ROOMS FURNISHED BY NEWS BUREAU

Open House Plan Adopted
Over the Fourth Proves
Hit With Vacationists

MERCHANTS ARE KEPT BUSY

The system of handling the "open house" by the Antioch News proved a great success for the tourist, resorter, merchant and townfolk. The lake resorts had been turning away guests for a week previous the Fourth and the News installed a plan in which all unoccupied rooms around town as well as the lake region were listed and then put at the disposal of the holiday room seeker.

All day Friday and up to a late hour Saturday evening the News was busy placing guests and giving information regarding lodgings over the Fourth and the town was well repaid, for those who were placed spent a great part of the time in Antioch and business houses of all kinds reported more business than at any other time.

Saturday afternoon the Fox River and Lakes Improvement association gave a band concert in the business section. The music was furnished by the Chicago Board of Education band, and later followed by a negro minstrel trio representing the Lake Villa Outing. The negro singers proved the most popular with their old mammy songs as well as a number of popular selections. Over three hundred enjoyed the concert.

BOARD ACTS ON TRAFFIC REGULATIONS

The monthly meeting of the village board was held last Tuesday evening and after the reading of the minutes and communications by Secretary Harry Isaacs, Mayor F. R. King called for a discussion on the advisability of changing the automobile regulation ordinance. After a short discussion Attorney E. M. Runyard was called on to draw up a new ordinance on automobile traffic regulation.

Another matter brought before the board is a subject that has been foremost in the public eye for the past two weeks. Considerable complaint has been heard as to the method of part of our police force in handling automobile traffic. A large number of speeders have been arrested and fined and Justice J. C. James testified Tuesday night that in each case the offender pleaded guilty. The board took action in backing up the police in their attempts to stop the speeding of the speed limit, but the methods of members of the special force in using undiplomatic language to petty violators of the village ordinances were condemned and the matter was left in the hands of the mayor to adjust.

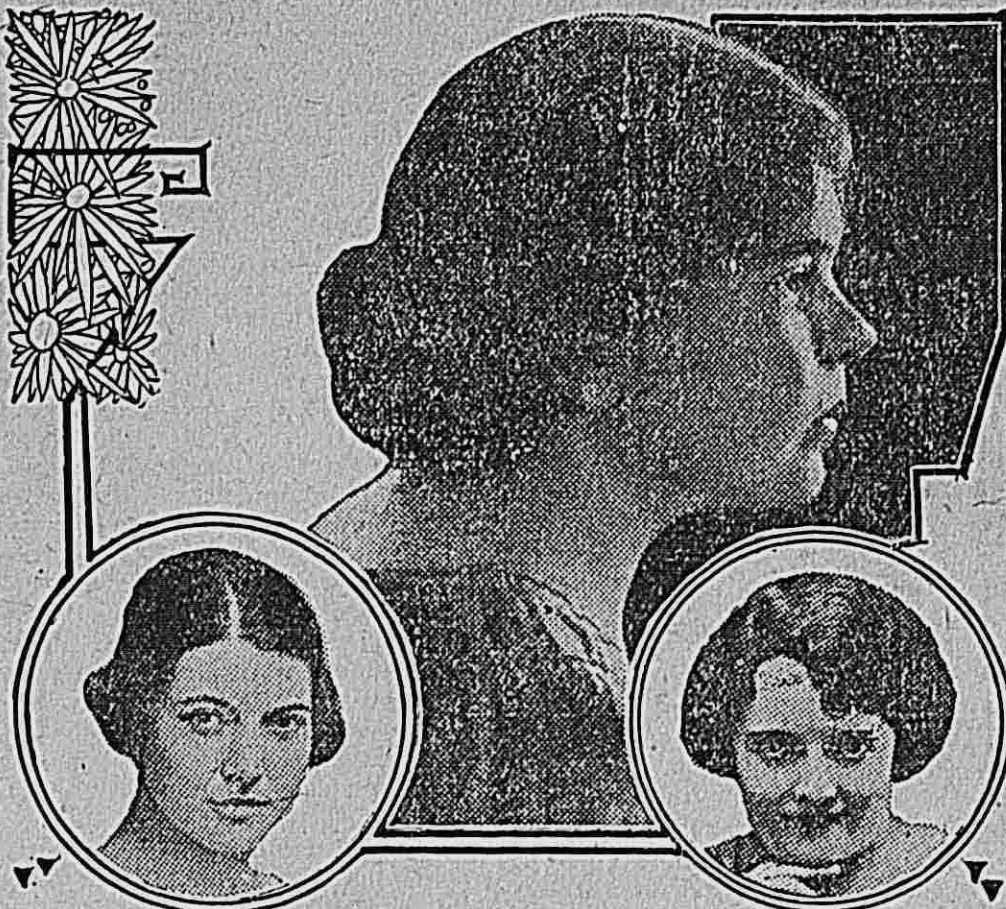
Weather Report for the Month of June

June 1921—Warmest day 97 on the 17th. Coldest day 38 above on the 5. Average temperature 72.7. Rainfall 1.7 inches. Last frost of season on the 5th. No real cloudy days in June.

John Morley, Jr., made another trip to Chicago last Sunday to try out with the fast Gunther team, John does not say very much as to his success, but nevertheless we know that he will make good, especially from the showing he put up with Lake Forest college team this spring. We are hoping to see him in a Major league suit some of these days.

Attorney Runyard of Waukegan called on the village board at their regular monthly meeting last Tuesday evening, while here he was given an order to draw up an ordinance covering motor vehicle laws for our village. James Woodman, formerly owner of the Waukegan Gazette, accompanied Mr. Runyard here, and called on many of his former acquaintances.

Noted Cellist Comes to Antioch with Mutual-Ewell Chautauqua



POPPE-ELLIOTT COMPANY

A World-Wide Cellist and Three Assisting Artists Form One of the Big Drawing Cards of Our Chautauqua.

Critics in London, New York, Chicago and other American and European cities pronounce Miss Poppe one of the most brilliant cellists of the day. She was born in Capetown, South Africa, and on her mother's side, is of Russian descent. At an early age she gained the university certificate with honors, and she won the South African University scholarship for music and entered the Royal Academy of Music, London. After the entire academic course and visiting Paris, her debut was made in London. This flattering success was followed by engagements as soloist with the London Symphony Orchestra at the Albert Hall, the Queen's Hall Orchestra, the Cardiff Orchestra Society, the North Staffordshire Symphony Orchestra—to mention but a few. The Chicago Tribune says: "Vera Poppe has a personality both forceful and charming. Her tone has character and vitality, as well as sweetness. Melodies sung by her cello have that indefinable impulse that convinces; some trick of rhythm, a quaint accent, an unexpected inflection, holds the attention and quickens the sympathy of the listener."

June Elliott is a standard Mutual attraction—always pleases, always makes good, always stands at the top in committee reports. Her refined work fits her for a place in this artist company.

Virginia Jones, a rich soprano, is another member whose ability to sing and entertain is well established. An excellent accompanist also is a part of the company. The time allotted in the program to this excellent group will be far too short for those who appreciate the best.

Four Armed Bandits Rob Auto Party Monday Night

When Mr. and Mrs. Pribnow, and Florence of Whitewater, Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. F. Westlake were returning from Burlington about 12:30 Monday night they were stopped when but a short distance from the Phillips home—the Merrill corner—by a man who had stepped from a car drawn up near a clump of willows. Thinking that he wished to inquire the way Mr. Pribnow stopped his car only to find a revolver thrust in his face and three companions had joined the first robber. The thieves ordered them all out of the car, went through Mr. Pribnow's pockets and took about forty dollars and then three of the men got in the Pribnow car and drove off towards Wilmet. Miss Florence Pribnow was unfortunate enough to have slipped her diamond ring off and dropped it in the cushions thinking to outwit the robbers but it went with the car. The car a new Nash was insured. The theft was reported to Sheriff Raven but no trace of the car or robbers has been found.

A Real Pickle; Fail to Find Owner

A pickrel weighing eighteen pounds and measuring thirty-nine inches was found tied to a boat by early morning bathers at Smith's Channel Lake beach July 4. No one claiming the "catch," the bathers got busy with their cameras and many vivid fish stories will be the result. After several would-be fishermen were discussing what future course to take as to dividing their find, a boy of about 12 years and the fish disappeared.

Removed to Hospital—

Abel Nielson, a guest at the Queen of the West, became very sick last Monday and was rushed to the Lake View hospital.

Dr. Beebe attended the patient in order to relieve him of a severe pain, that at first was thought to be appendicitis. A diagnosis at the hospital failed to disclose the nature of his illness.

A Girl

to care for your telephone calls and look after your office while away on business can be located in the "Help Wanted" section of our

Want Ad Department

LAKE VILLA OUTING WAS BIG SUCCESS

Monday was a big day in Lake Villa and in spite of the heat, everything at the picnic moved according to schedule. Chairman Fowler, with his efficient helpers, carried out the program as advertised and at an early hour the village was a scene of joy. The colored musicians drew a good crowd around them all day with their songs and instrumental music. After dinner the ceremony of raising the new flag on the new steel pole given by the local Red Cross in honor of the soldiers, also the bronze tablets on the pole was well carried out. Grand children of the late Mrs. Augusta Lehmann, donor of the park, unveiled the bronze tablet in her memory.

Short speeches were given by States Attorney A. V. Smith, Rev. Father Lynch, Rev. M. McCloskey, Wm. Bradley, president of the Lake Villa Township Commercial Association and F. H. Hamlin, village president.

There were pony cart exhibits with drivers, as well as riders of ponies, and they made a splendid display. The floats in the parade are worthy of mention. The Sand Lake people had a splendid decorated car, as did F. T. Fowler, Jr. The Royal Neighbors and Buys Bues deserve special mention for their nobby turnouts. The races were all well patronized and the water slide in the rear of the trees in the park, received its share of patronage. There was dancing afternoon and evening, a splendid array of fireworks, and all together, it is a day long to be remembered. Lake Villa people have just cause to be proud of their beautiful park and surely in no better way can show their appreciation of it than by keeping it well cared for.

Miss Wheelock Dies

Miss Elm Maude Wheelock, a teacher in Chicago, died yesterday at the Wesley Memorial hospital.

Miss Wheelock was 39 years old and a daughter of Mrs. John Darby of Antioch. Funeral will be held at the home at 2:30 p. m. tomorrow with burial in the Lake Villa cemetery.

Funeral Services Saturday

Funeral services for Mrs. August Mau was held Saturday afternoon at the M. E. church.

Mrs. Mau who died early last week of organic heart trouble, was 38 years old.

NEWS BRIEFS OF INTEREST TO COMMUNITY

Our Exchanges Have Many
Items of Different Events
Concerning News

NEWS OF VARIOUS KINDS

Racine had 118 saloons before the lid was alleged to have been clamped on booze. It has now 125 alleged soft drink bars.

According to reports there is some night prowling going on about the village of Richmond. On last Saturday night the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Cole was visited and on Monday night a man was seen removing a screen at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Gibbs. The marauders were frightened away in both attempts.

A raid on the A. Wolf soft drink parlor Loon lake last week by the state's attorneys raiders proved as follows. They obtained a quantity of hooch, mash and brew, together with a quantity of bitters. Wolf is charged with the manufacture of intoxicating liquor although the raiders did not locate the still.

Permission was granted the Chicago, North Shore and Milwaukee Electric railroad by the interstate commerce commission last week to raise its basic rate on intrastate travel within Illinois from 2 to 3 cents.

It is the results they show on the diamond that makes the standing of a ball club, not the fine uniforms they wear. An advertising medium must be judged by the results it brings, not by its fine typographical excellence. The above might apply to our local team.

Members of the McHenry County Farm Bureau will probably have the chance to save \$2 a ton on their next winter's coal. The Illinois Agricultural association is making out a cooperative coal buying plan whereby coal may be sold direct from the mines to the Farm Bureau members.

Miss Agnes Message Married to an Iowan

Miss Agnes Message, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Message of Antioch, who has been employed as a book keeper for the Western Electric Co., in Chicago, sprang a surprise on her friends and relatives when she came home to spend the holidays with her family she brought her husband with her. She was married on June 18, to Mr. Ernest Glen, son of an Iowan farmer, also employed at the Electric plant and kept it a secret until July 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen will spend a short honeymoon in Iowa, and will return to Chicago to make their home.

Minnow Tank Breaks

Last night about ten o'clock the newly installed minnow tank at the Channel Lake Pavilion broke, flooding the entire poolroom and bowling alley space and sending hundreds of minnows, which were on sale for fishermen, over the entire space. Forty-five minutes was required to the water and fish.

Destroy Roadside Weeds

Because—
1. They act as centers of weed infestation for adjoining fields.
2. They may be carried for many miles by passing vehicles and animals.
3. They harbor harmful insects and plant diseases.
4. They create insanitary conditions.
5. They are unsightly.
Methods for destroying roadside weeds, approved by special lists of the United States Department of Agriculture, are:
By—
1. Mowing twice a year while they are in full bloom, usually in June and August.
2. Utilizing the road-sides for growing hay.
3. Grazing with teeth-red animals.
4. Converting weedy roadsides into lawns.
Grade all roadsides so the weeds can be controlled.

How Do They Get That Way?

Bang! Bang! zzzzz! Bang! Bang! This is what greeted the ears of "Ye Editor" about four a. m., the other morning when two men, one with a hammer and the other with a saw started to work on a shed in back of the Edgar House.

The idea of getting in a full days work or of doing hard work before the sun gets hot is very good, but when one has to be up the greater part of the evening and then gets comfortably arranged for a little sleep, only to be annoyed by a duet composed of what sounds like a pile driver in the quiet hours of the morning accompanied by an untuned saw—he wonders how they get that way.

CHICAGO MAN DROWNED AT CHANNEL LAKE

Frank Feulner, 35 years old of Chicago was drowned off the beach at J. F. Woolner's at Channel Lake last Sunday. Mr. Feulner came to the lake with two of his brothers and was alone in a boat fishing in his bathing suit when bathers noticed him acting queerly, but did not take him seriously. A short while later they saw him floating on his back beside the boat, and when going to his rescue, sank and was unable to locate him. Witnesses were unable to give any information as to his death as no one saw him leave the boat. It is thought he was overcome by the heat and was dead before reaching the water.

The lake was searched thoroughly and nets set out, but the body was not found until 10 o'clock yesterday morning and was removed to Strang's undertaking rooms where the inquest was held.

ANTIOCH WINS FROM HARRIS BILLIARD NINE

The ball fans witnessed a very neat exhibition of the national pastime last Sunday on the home diamond, the contest being between the strong Harris Billiard team of Kenosha and the locals.

The game was an interesting one to watch all the way thru, especially in the seventh when the score stood at a tie, both teams being well matched it seemed as though the contest would go more than nine innings, but the fact that the reliable Wilton was on the mound for the locals proved a short ending for the visitors as the score showed 7 to 8 in the locals' favor at the finish.

Some of the base ball critics were heard to pass the remark, "Well the Antioch boys got away lucky today", and every one knows that the game itself consists of luck, take that beautiful catch that left fielder Burns made, that was luck, but just the same Burns is a real ball player and we believe he could pull the same trick again.

Another critic says "Oh such coaching", now that was a real good remark, and there are many who have the same opinion. The coaching is the weakest point on team, on an average there are more runners left on bases than cross the pan.

Next Sunday the local team will meet the Rosing Billiard team of Kenosha, the team that gave the locals their first lacing this spring. All the fans are urged to attend as it promises to be a real fast game.
The grand stand has been in use now for two Sundays, but the capacity of the crowd has not been such as to overcrowd it, and the management desires a little better attendance.

As the material used now in the line-up is salaried to a small extent it has become necessary to sell tickets as many gave the pass by on the hat, 25 and 35 cents will be the entrance fees.

Arthur Laursen and Lois Fox Wed

Arthur J. Laursen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Laursen of North Antioch, and Lois Fox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fox of Bristol, were united in marriage by the Rev. S. E. Pollock, on Saturday evening, June 25th. Just the immediate relatives and friends were present. After a trip to the Dells, Wis., the young couple will make their home at Bristol.

LAKE REGION CELEBRATIONS BIG SUCCESS

John A. MacLean Given Credit
for Success of Boat
Racing Events

VALUABLE BOAT BURNED

The events of the Fox River Improvement association over the holidays proved to be a stellar attraction for the lake region. The events were very capably handled by the committee in charge. Much praise was heard as to the manner in which the boat race events were handled, credit for which is due to John A. MacLean, chairman of the committee on races.

The winners of the special event for Sunday, the 40-mile race, were: First, Irene V.; second, Margery T. III., owned by Robert F. Tarrant of Antioch and third, Dr. Walter Eggen's boat.

The Janice, a new \$5,000 boat owned by Mr. Olson of Fox Lake, caught fire during this race and was completely destroyed, sinking in Pistakee bay.

The feature event for Monday was the race six times around the Fox Lake course, "The Mickey" easily winning this event, crossing the finish line a full circuit and a half ahead of her nearest competitor.

Arrangements are now in the making for a match race between the "Mickey" the "Dexter" and the "Eggen" in the near future.

Another aftermath of the Fourth of July events is a contemplated match race between Mr. Hannifin's "Stepp Plane" hydro and Mr. Olson's hydro aeroplane, the hydroplane not to leave the water.

Harvey L. Thompson Dies After Long Illness

Harvey L. Thompson, aged 76, father of Clyde L., of Chicago, and R. Stanley of this city, passed away on Monday, July 4.

Mr. Thompson had been suffering for years with limb trouble, it being three years ago that he had his limb amputated at the Grant hospital, in Chicago, an infection set in and was left helpless.

The Thompsons have lived in this city for twelve years. Mrs. Thompson died about eleven years ago.
Mr. Thompson was a member of the Royal Arcanums, Northern Travelers' association and the Garfield Lodge A. F. & A. M.

Funeral services were held at the Oak Ridge cemetery at 1:00 p. m. today.

Chicago Boy Drowned at Lake Villa July 4th

Elmer Schroeder of 538 N. Hamden Ave., Chicago, was drowned at Lake Villa July 4. The young man was 22 years old and was with his parents spending the holiday vacation at the Dicks' home.

He, with companions, had gone out for a swim and dived from a boat and became caught in the mud. His body was not recovered for forty-five minutes and life was extinct, although a pulmotor was used and all known means used to revive him. The inquest was held Monday and the body taken to his home in Chicago for burial.

Many Attend Confetti Dance

The first confetti dance of the season was held at Rothe's Sylvan Beach pavilion last night. Mr. Roth had his pavilion draped in natural leaves which had the resemblance of a low-hanging palm garden and the floor is the best in the Lake County. Rowell's Kenosha orchestra furnished the music and a good time was had by all.

Father Batty at St. Ignace's Church

Next Sunday, being the second Sunday of the month, there will be two celebrations of the Holy Communion, the first at 8:00 a. m. and the second at 11:00 a. m. On Saturday afternoon at 4:30 the Sacrament of the Holy Baptism will be administered. Everyone is invited to be present at these services.

AN APOLOGY

On account of the loss of power due to the electrical storm The Antioch News wishes to apologize for the delay in this week's publication.

WASHINGTON SIDELIGHTS

Who Was the First Killed in Action?



WASHINGTON.—Who was the first soldier of the American army killed in action in the World war? When President Harding participated in the ceremonies over the bodies of more than 5,000 American soldiers at Hoboken, he placed a wreath on the coffin of Private Joseph W. Guyon, a member of the Thirty-second division, with the statement that he was the first American soldier "who perished on enemy territory" in the World war. The War department furnishes the available historical data on the subject as follows:

"The first American soldiers killed in battle (November 3, 1917), were Corp. James B. Gresham (from Evansville, Ind.), Private Thomas F. Enright (from Pittsburgh, Pa.) and Private Merle D. Hay (from Glidden, Ia.), all of Company F, Sixteenth Infantry, First division.

These men were killed in an effort of the Germans to ascertain the identity of the American troops facing their lines. They put down a box barrage completely surrounding men of Company F of the Sixteenth Infantry and captured a number of them, in addition to killing the soldiers named in the War department statement.

The following extract from the inscription on the monument erected at Bathelmont, Lorraine, by the people of the department of Meurthe-et-Moselle over the graves of the three American soldiers who first lost their lives in battle was furnished by Maj. Gen. C. P. Summerall:

"Here, in Lorraine earth, rest the three first American soldiers who were killed in view of the enemy on the 3rd of November, 1917. Corporal James B. Gresham (from Evansville), Private Thomas F. Enright (from Pittsburgh), Private Merle D. Hay (from Glidden), all of F company, Sixteenth Infantry regiment, First division.

"As worthy sons of their great and noble nation, they have fought for Justice, Liberty and Civilization against the German imperialism, scourge of mankind. They died on the Field of Honor."

Lorraine was enemy territory when this action took place.

Now the Public Is to Have a Lobby

A NEW organization that is to help congress serve the interests of the general public has been formed. It is called the People's Legislative Service, and its national council is composed of 70 senators, representatives, judges, editors and others.

The organization will attempt to give the general public—also designated as the ordinary citizen and the ultimate consumer—the same advantages before congress that business, labor, farmers and other groups have. These groups are organized and have lobbies to present their arguments forcefully before congressional committees. Almost any information needed by them can be obtained instantly from their headquarters.

The new group of men and women that aim to serve the people's interests claim that they are not starting a lobby. The institution is somewhat like a lobby in that it is a source of information for congress. But unlike a lobby it represents no limited part of the population, but the public as a whole. It is for the benefit of any congressman who wants information on the public's side and it is maintained by subscriptions of members.



The national council of the people's legislative service is made up of men and women in all parts of the country who are interested in the public welfare, as well as in that of some particular group. Thus, there are in the council the president of the Brotherhood of Boiler-makers and Iron Ship Builders, the president of the Farmers' National Council, the general secretary of the National Consumers' league, the president of the Alabama State Federation of Labor, the president of the Order of Railway Telegraphers, and many others representing important groups. These people are not in the council primarily as labor or farm representatives, however, but as members of the public.

Ten Norwegian Fellers Bane in Congress



TEN Norwegian fellers bane in congress. They are all Republicans and are all from the Middle West. The Nestor is Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota, born at Voss, near Bergen, in 1843. He came here a child. He served three terms in the house and two terms as governor. He has been in the senate since 1895, his term ending in 1925. He is a Union veteran of the Civil war.

The people of South Dakota's new senator, Peter Norbeck, came from Trondhjem. He is an expert in marketing and general farming and good roads and can make a good speech. He is fifty-one.

Representative Gilbert N. Haugen of Iowa was born in Wisconsin in 1850. He entered business in Iowa when fourteen, and when eighteen bought a farm. This is his twelfth term in the house.

Harold Knutson, of Minnesota, majority whip of the house, is serving his third term. He was born in 1875 (congressional directory doesn't say where). He got his education in the Minnesota schools and has been a newspaper editor and publisher.

Representative Charles A. Christopherson of South Dakota was born in Minnesota in 1871. He is a lawyer and educator and member of several fraternal organizations. He was speaker of the state legislature. This is his second term.

John M. Nelson of Wisconsin was born in that state in 1870; he is a lawyer and educator and has served in the house since 1907.

Halvor Steenerson of Minnesota was born in Wisconsin in 1852. He is a lawyer and is interested in farming; this is his tenth term in the house. His people came from Telemarken.

M. A. Michelson represents the seventh Chicago district. He was born in Kristiansand in 1875 and began his Chicago career teaching school.

Finally there is Andrew J. Volstead of Minnesota. He was born in that state in 1860. He is a lawyer and educator. He has been in the house since 1903. His people came from Telemarken.

Hays Befriends Ambitious Greek Boy

POSTMASTER GENERAL HAYS has befriended Andrew Louchou, a native of the island of Crete, and is giving him a chance to be "progressive." For the monthly sum of \$80 the Greek, now twenty years old, helps the Hayses keep their apartment in shipshape condition and acts as spruicer-up for the postmaster general at his office. Andrew has become an institution. He speaks five languages fluently and is teaching his new employer how to talk French.

"See that typewriter? I got it for him to practice on. I pay him \$80 a month out of my own pocket, and early in the morning and late in the afternoon he works around the apartment, and at other times he is here at the department looking after my needs."

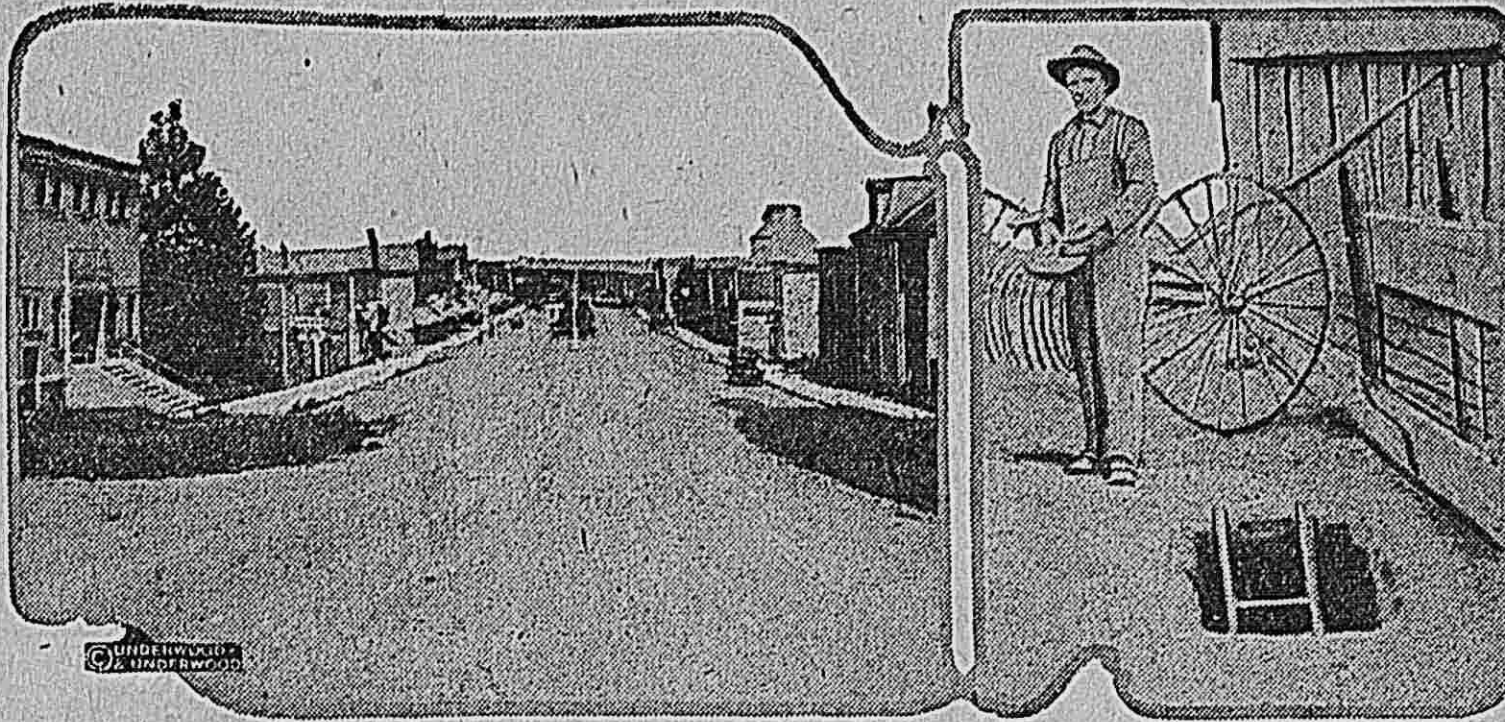
Mr. Hays likes his protege's pluck, his desire to progress and his ambition to make something out of himself. Louchou came over as a steerage passenger and began his career as waiter. Jimmie Regan noticed him and took him to his place in New Jer-



sey as his personal butler. It was there that Colonel Harvey saw him and became interested in his future. He was with Colonel Harvey about a year when Mr. Hays got him.

"Andrew was ambitious to get out of service, manual labor," said Mr. Hays, "and I promised to help him. That is why I put him to work on this typewriter. He has taken out his first papers and will become an American as soon as possible. Yesterday he told me that he had paid \$25 for lessons to operate an automobile. Soon he will be a good driver and can handle my car."

Iowa Town May Become Another Klondike



A few weeks ago Bernard Smith, a farmer living one mile southeast of Gracettown, Ia., was digging a hole to set a guy wire through a layer of from 6 to 8 inches of dark-colored gravel. He could see the glistening of mica and was positive the layer contained gold. He rushed some of the gravel to Des Moines and Chicago, and the essay report showed that the gravel will run \$26.92 per ton, \$21.50 being in gold. Since then there has been a great rush of gold hunters to Gracettown, and the place promises to become another Klondike. The illustration shows the main street of the town and, at the right, Mr. Smith at the hole where he found the gold.

Austria Specializes in Art of Begging and Insulting

People Have Lost Every Sense of Dignity and Their Whole Character, French Journalist Says—Country Has Come to Look Upon Help From Abroad as Matter of Course

New York.—An interesting picture of conditions in Austria is given in the following article written for the New York Herald by W. John Lenglet, a French journalist attached to the Japanese military mission in Vienna: "After having been a year in Austria I have come to the conclusion that the country specializes in the art of begging and insulting. These two faults combined have been brought to such a height that the people have lost every sense of dignity and their whole character."

This is specially clear to the foreigner who stays a good deal in Vienna. The foreigner who merely passes through brings nothing back but a remembrance of more or less gay evenings and of fantastic figures of worthlessness; but he who has to live there and take part in the everyday life of Vienna, especially if he takes the trouble to look deeply into the heart of things, is certainly convinced that side by side with a certain misery in the lower middle classes and privations among the upper classes, there exists among the new rich—"schleibers"—an indifference to all the interests of Austria which is hardly believable.

The "schleiber" may be the middle man of business transactions, or even the business man quite simply. The "schleiber" is also the "bucket shop keeper," who speculates illegally in exchange, who leads the freihändler (free commerce), and it is he who piles up, bundles of bank notes, a single one of which he will not spend unless it brings him the equivalent in pleasures or goods. The interest of his country? He laughs at it as at a splendid joke—the starving children can be looked after by foreigners. He can eat white bread and he does so without scruple. He can drink champagne at 3,000 crowns a bottle. He provides his wife with magnificent furs and precious jewels. He knows no duty but that of spending the money, which he has gained by exploiting his countrymen in pleasures and luxuries. He is the immoral being who has sprung from the Austrian soil since misery spread over the land.

The Valute All Important.

When the little bourgeois or shopkeeper smells the foreigner, he immediately sizes up his "Valute." You are treated in accordance with the value of your national currency and the shopman tries to convince you that if he charges you three times as much as Austrians are charged he is still rendering you a great service: "Was macht das denn in Ihre Valute?" (What does it matter compared to the value of your money?) This becomes as familiar as the greeting you get when you go into a shop. If you are good natured you will simply accept this as part of the business.

Worse things exist, for the Austrian has brought the art of begging to such a pitch that he has made the whole world believe in him, and the whole world—England and the United States at the head—allows itself to be fooled! Committees have been formed—Austria has been helped on every side—her children have been sent to every country to be nourished and cared for; and when they come back from these countries, dressed in new clothes and improved morally and physically, their parents say: "After all, it is not much... you see, the clothes are not chic; the stuff is not of the best quality, and the food, well, they do not trouble much about food over there."

However, when one of their children comes back, they do their best to send another over to the same conditions... that means another less to bother about!

The man who lives in Vienna and reads advertisements in the English papers about starving Vienna cannot

help pitying the naïvete of the people in England and other countries who send money for the children who are supposed to be dying in the streets. These advertisements are only a speculation on the good faith of the public; and the public who subscribe are robbed twice over; first of their confidence; secondly, of their money.

I do not suggest that the committees who insert these advertisements are not acting in good faith, but that they are themselves victims to the exploitations of the Austrians and journalists in Austrian pay, who are determined to get as much sympathy for Austria and as much money as possible out of the foreigner.

At one time the Austrian was in need of material help. This help was given him so generously that he expects it to go on forever.

Multitied by Drivers. What do some gullible, francs, dollars or pounds matter to the foreigner? "Na, ja, aber mit thren Valuten!" (Well, with the value of their money)... and as the value of outside money is better than Austrian currency, why should not the foreigner help Austria? At least that is how the Austrian reasons. He never asks himself who created this situation in his land.

In all classes you meet the same phenomenon. For instance, if you take a taxi, when you arrive at your door the driver asks you smilingly for twice the amount you ought to pay. If you protest, he says "But, sir, what does it matter with the value of your money?" So far he is very polite; but if you maintain your refusal, and you only pay the amount registered on the taximeter, with a certain tip—let us say 10 per cent—showers of abuse follow you into your house.

At a restaurant the head waiter is very cringing when you give your orders. At the end of the meal, however, when you ask for your bill, he starts by making mistakes—to his own advantage, of course, which by chance, you may find out and have the bill changed. Then you give him 10 per cent as a tip. The head waiter goes away and sends you the service waiter. Another tip required. Thinking yourself very generous, you withdraw from the table when you suddenly hear the "button!" exclaim: "Damned French! (or any other nationality, which this future head waiter considers you), not a single heller for a tip!"

I must except the large restaurants, the staffs of which have been employed before the war in other countries. These are satisfied with 10 per cent on the bill. However, one cannot go continually to the big restaurants with the present high prices.

You are treated in the same way by the shopkeeper and other people who have put themselves into public service. The method is only varied according to the education they possess. In short, the foreigner in Austria must allow himself to be led from every vein if he wishes to live in peace.

Since the note of the French government, in the name of all the allied governments, threatening to withdraw all help from Austria in the event of her uniting with Germany, the hatred felt by the rescued for their rescuers rises to the surface. Every conversation between an Austrian and a foreigner is full of underlying bitterness. The conversations which the Austrians hold among themselves in public places, regardless of the strangers within their midst, are full of unimagined insults. Their hatred does not extend only to the allies, but there even exists resentment against their beneficiaries, the neutrals. The

Dutch and Scandinavians have earned a lot of money. The South Americans are rich. And all this shows that they should come to the help of Austria. The Austrians think that only fair. They do not expect otherwise.

With the allies, especially those of the entente, it is quite another matter. The entente had dared to refuse the credits requested? What a pity its prisoners were not allowed to starve during the war! The entente does not want us to join Germany? Well, we shall do so without its permission. The time will come when we will ally with Germany to fight the entente.

That is the reasoning of the German-Austrian, who the pre-war German declared was just good enough to black the boots of the German army.

I have experienced moments during which the Austrian absence of character has been made clearly obvious. I returned in the company of my wife and one of her friends one evening from Baden, a little mountainous place, where one goes for week ends. As my companions were English we talked English. The tramcar, capable of carrying about forty passengers, presently filled up. Once on the way a man standing up, a typical German, started a propaganda against foreigners, and pointing to us designated us as "English or Americans." He mixed himself up in our conversation. He insulted us offensively to German.

The whole compartment, consisting of all sorts and conditions of travelers, supported this man. Vulgar coarseness succeeded to the insults and jokes. Everything and all were passed in review, the allied governments and their chiefs, even President Wilson was not forgotten. In fact, he was spoken of most of all because these people took me for an American. Then they went on to more personal matters—ourselves, our clothes, everything was analyzed and ridiculed. The most revolting things were said by the best-dressed men, and women joined in with degraded delight. The tram conductor laughed. I pretended not to understand. The only thing to do with these brutes, I even heard somebody make a suggestion to throw us out of the tram at the next stopping place.

The starving children of Austria exist mostly in the imagination of those who earn an easy living by begging. As a matter of fact, one does not see more sickly-looking children in Vienna than in any other large town. If help were given to the children of the poor, or the unemployed, or the demobilized soldiers without means of subsistence in England, America and France such charity would be put to a far better use.

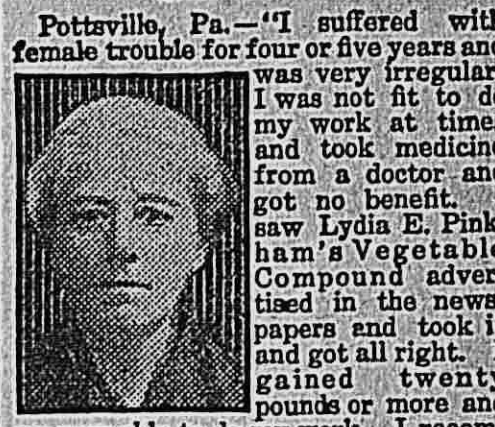
Waste of Coal and Light. In order to save coal, France and England ordered the dancing saloons and theaters to be closed earlier in the evening. Austria did nothing of the kind. Everything was illuminated at a glorio till midnight. It did not matter if her subjects paid 8 kronen a kilogram for coal and her factories were obliged to stop work for lack of coal.

While in most lands one does one's best to produce, the slightest incident here creates a strike. People take the most futile pretext to have an extra day of rest—and all the same they have the courage to complain!

Nobody deprives himself of pleasure. One is prepared to do without anything except enjoyment. It is not true that the people who go out to the evenings are all foreigners. Listen to the languages spoken in the dancing saloons and cafes. Viennese German and pure German predominate. Look at the lines outside the theaters where German plays are being produced. Austrians certainly form the majority of the frequenters. Look also at the rows of taxis around the football field on Sundays, when two local clubs meet. I have seen more than 500 of them. It is not the foreigner who pays 2,000 kronen or more to drive to the place where the game goes on.

ABLE TO DO HER WORK

After Long Suffering Mrs. Sien Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



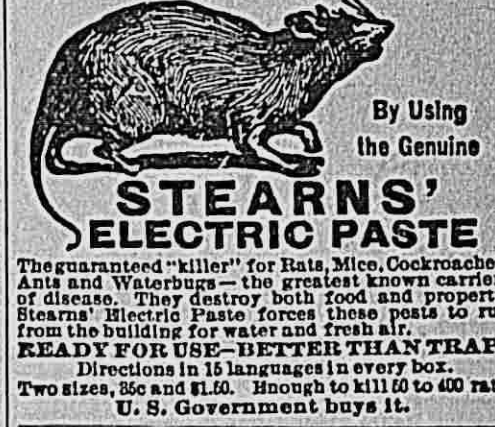
Pottsville, Pa.—"I suffered with female trouble for four or five years and was very irregular. I was not fit to do my work at times and took medicine from a doctor and got no benefit. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the newspapers and took it and got all right. I gained twenty pounds or more and am now able to do my work. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends and you may use these facts as a testimonial."—Mrs. SALLIE SIEBERT, 813 W. Fourth Street, Pottsville, Pa.

The everyday life of many housewives is a continual struggle with weakness and pain. There is nothing more wearing than the ceaseless round of household duties and they become doubly hard when some female trouble makes every bone and muscle ache, and nerves all on edge.

If you are one of these women do not suffer for four or five years as Mrs. Siebert did, but profit by her experience and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

By All Means. Fond Mother—We are undecided now whether to let Doris take lessons in painting or in singing. Which would you advise? The Man Next Door—Painting, by all means.

KILL RATS TODAY



By Using the Genuine STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE

The guaranteed "killer" for rats, mice, cockroaches, ants and waterbugs—the greatest known carriers of disease. They destroy both food and property. Stearns' Electric Paste forces these pests to run from the building for water and fresh air. READY FOR USE—BETTER THAN TRAPS! Directions in 15 languages in every box. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00. Enough to kill 10 to 400 rats. U. S. Government buys it.

Kills Pesky Bed Bugs

P. D. Q. Pesky Devils. Quiescent, not an insect powder but a chemical, no mites or dust, and actually kills Bed Bugs, Roaches, Fleas and Ants, and their eggs as well—50c package makes a quart—Druggists can supply you, or mailed prepaid upon receipt of price by the Owl Chem. Works, Terre Haute, Ind., Genuine P. D. Q. is never peddled.

Kill All Flies!

THEY SPREAD Placed anywhere, DAISY FLY KILLER attracts and kills all flies. Nest, clean, ornamental, convenient and safe. Lasts all season. Made of metal. Will not melt or injure anything. Guaranteed. FLY KILLER at your dealer or by EXPRESS, prepaid, 10c. HAROLD SOMERS, 100 E. 42nd Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.



Comfort Your Skin With Cuticura Soap and Fragrant Talcum Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM Removes Dandruff, Stops Hair Falling, Brings to Gray and Faded Hair Color, and 100c at Druggists. Haeck Chemical Works, Patuxent, Md.

HINDERCOINS Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. 15c by mail or at Druggists. Haeck Chemical Works, Patuxent, Md.

MAN'S BEST AGE

A man is as old as his organs; he can be as vigorous and healthy at 70 as at 35 if he aids his organs in performing their functions. Keep your vital organs healthy with



The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles since 1895; corrects disorders, stimulates vital organs. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

AGENTS—MARVELOUS GAS LIGHTER. No matches or friction—just hold over gas. Rates to agents. Sample 15c. RAPID MFG. CO. Agency, 125 Mulberry St., Newark, N. J. THE FAMOUS SHENANDOAH VALLEY OF VIRGINIA. Large and small farms. W. A. THOUT & SON, Front Royal, Va.

W. N. U., CHICAGO, MO. 28-1921.

Local News
Chaser, at Webb's.
The sensation of two Friday and Saturday at the
to have been coming in during the storm of last Monday. Considerable damage in the vicinity. Near Round lake the much damage blowing down a large silo was blown over and lightning set fire to a large barn. Near Geneva a small cloudburst hit there about nine in the evening, uprooting trees, toppling telegraph poles and flooding the highways. In most of the places that the storm struck, it only

lasted for a short time. Our village got rain while just east of us they received none.
The local fire department will hold their regular monthly meeting on next Tuesday evening, July 12, at 8 p. m. At this meeting there will be an election of officers for the coming year and it urged that every member be present.

Tennis shoes and keds at Otto S. Klass'.
Geo. Hockney enjoyed new potatoes from his garden on the Fourth. In showing the product from one hill, he had one that measured 11 1/2 inches around.

Base Ball Notes

Will Kelly of Chicago assisted Um-

pire Horan at last Sunday's game.
Wilton pitched an excellent game, always going at the same old stride.
Nabor was benched in the sixth inning and Manager Tarbell got a little rough, but it all blew over.

Some of the coaches, well if all was put in print, from what one hears

around the grandstand we would have little room for the story.
The crowd was well pleased with Burn's catch in the field.

The crowd sure enjoy the grand stand for 35 cents. Now everybody ought to come and see the home boys play. You can stand for a quarter and sit down for thirty-five cents.

Sunday at Hunt's Majestic Ellen Percy in "The Tom Boy".

I. O. O. F. LODGE

Holds Regular Communications every Thursday evening. Visiting Brothers always welcome.

C. R. RUNYARD, N. G.
W. W. RUNYARD, Secretary.

L. G. STRANG
Licensed Embalmer and
Funeral Director
ANTIOCH, ILL.
Both Illinois and Wisconsin
License
PHONE 109-R
ALSO FARMERS LINE

**Hot Weather
Suggestions for
Men and Boys**

Sport Shirts
White Duck Pants
Khaki Pants
Canvas Shoes
Kool Underwear
Bathing Suits for the
Family

Just received a full
line of Men's up-to-date
Straw Hats.

Quality Shop
Otto S. Klass

Williams Bros.
General Merchandise

*Give you the
best service
and charge
lowest possible
price for good
merchandise*

We want your business

**"Oh Boy! Ain't this
the life!!"**



I LIKE my job.
BUT DAYS do come.
WHEN SKIES are blue.
ABOVE THE city smoke.
AND BREEZES stir.
THE PAPERS on my desk.
AND THEN I think.
WHAT I would do.
IF I were boss.
I'D OPEN shop.
AT TWELVE o'clock.
AND CLOSE at one.
WITH ONE hour off.
FOR LUNCH, and I.
WOULD GET old Sam.
TO RUN me out.
IN HIS big six.
AND DROP me off.
UNDER A greenwood tree.
BESIDE A babbling brook.
AND THERE I'd lie.

AND EVERY once.
IN A while.
ROLL OVER.
OR MAYBE sit and think.
BUT MOST likely.
JUST SIT.
AND EVERY once.
IN A while I'd light.
ONE OF my Chesterfields.
AND OH Boy.
I GUESS that wouldn't
SATISFY!

COMPANIONSHIP? Say,
there never was such a cig-
arette as Chesterfield for steady
company! Just as mild and
smooth as tobaccos can be—but
with a mellow "body" that sat-
isfies even cigar smokers. On lazy
days or busy ones—all the time
—you want this "satisfy-
smoke."

Have you seen the new
AIR-TIGHT tins of 50?

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Tremendous Money-Saving Opportunities Are Effected by the
JULY CLEARANCE SALES
Now in Progress at
The North Shore's Greatest Shopping Center
Genesee Street, Waukegan

More and more women of Lake County are realizing the buying advantages to be gained by trading in Waukegan and day by day scores of new customers and new faces are seen, and many find that charge accounts at the best stores are a great convenience in shopping.

Just now the opportunities for real savings are unusually great, brought about by the announcement of the Annual July Clearance Sales at the leading and best stores.

Rubin's
Department Store

Globe
Department Store

Alex Hein Co.
Women's Apparel

Local and Personal Happenings

Additional local news on opposite page
Bathing suits for men and boys, at Webb's.

Sport shirts keep you cool and we have them. Otto S. Klass.

John Hunter of Long Beach, Cal., is visiting relatives and friends in this vicinity.

Tom Lynch of Prairie View visited over the Fourth with his brother Andrew and family.

We notice another shipment of Fords arrived this week for the Antioch Sales and Service Station.

Gideon Thayer informs us that he enjoyed a meal of sweet corn from his garden on the Fourth.

Mr. Vac Babor and family entertained several Chicago relatives and friends for the week-end.

Mrs. Bertha James Gilbert of Chicago is visiting with her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. C. James.

Mrs. Amacker of Oak Park spent the past week with Mr. and Mrs. John Spafford and family.

See Norma Talmage in "Panthia" at the Crystal Saturday also Joe Martin in "The Prohibition Monkey."

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Richardson and son Gordon of Chicago visited over the Fourth with Antioch relatives.

The Ladies' Guild will meet with Mrs. Evan Kaye on Wednesday, July 13. Maude Kettelhut, Secretary.

Mr. and Mrs. Lefe Bell and two daughters of Chicago spent over the Fourth at the Murrie Horton home.

Special for Saturday and Sunday only—overalls, 85 cents. Otto S. Klass.

Chase McGuire and family of Waukegan made a call on relatives and friends in Antioch over the Fourth.

Khaki pants in all sizes, at Otto S. Klass.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Brown and family motored to Racine Sunday and spent the day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kapann.

"The Devil" is coming. "The Devil" is here! Not the firey monster spouting cinders from his nose. This Devil is a human being. See him Friday and Saturday at Hunt's Majestic.

Underwear all kinds and sizes, at Webb's.

The Ladies Aid of the M. E. church will hold the annual summer bazaar on Thursday, July 23.

Jas. Brown and family of Libertyville motored into Antioch on the Fourth. Mr. Brown was trouble man from the local exchange at one time.

Watch for "The Greatest Love."

Go to "The Devil."

Miss Anna Babor has returned to her home here after spending the past eight months with her sister, Mrs. Frank Cerny of Chicago.

FOR SALE—Launch at a bargain, good running condition. Inquire of John Wolf, Loon Lake. 44w4

Renehan's Dancing Pavilion at Avon Park on Round Lake

NOW OPEN

Music by Ambler's Orchestra

DANCING EVERY EVENING

In selecting your date for holding your convention, picnic or such entertainment as swimming parties, golf, trap shooting and boating call G. RENEHAN, 101 Grayslake. Get on Belvidere cement road and come today. Special feature for July 9th is a confetti dance to be given by the Round Lake Golf Club.

FORDSON TRACTOR

"Yes, I've more time for myself since I got a Fordson."

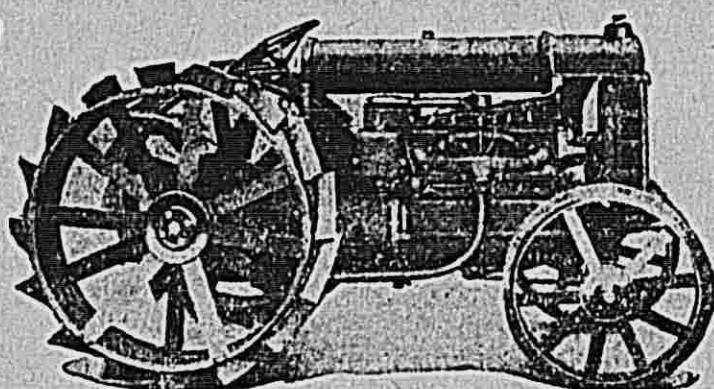
The Fordson Tractor is taking much of the drudgery out of farm life; it is solving the labor problem; it is reducing the cost of preparing land by almost one half of what it was with horses; and it is saving one third to one half of the farmer's time; and making farm life more attractive.

The Fordson will run your threshing machine—and at the most opportune time for you. It will operate the milking machines, saw your wood, fill your silo, pump the water, and take care of every kind of belt work.

And don't forget—it will plow six to eight acres in a ten hour day, handling two plows with ease.

Thus the Fordson is the ideal year-round tractor. It will pay for its fall and winter keep in many ways.

There's a big story to tell you about the Fordson—and a true one—come in and get the facts. Or if you prefer, telephone or drop us a card and we will bring them to you.

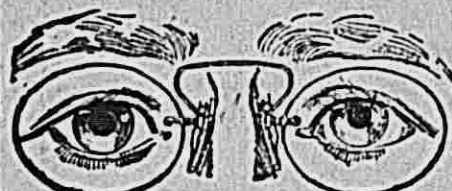


Antioch Sales and Service Station
Antioch, Illinois

Commencing Monday, July 11, we will have a first-class radiator repair man, so if you have any leaky radiators we will be in a position to make repairs on short notice.

W. J. CHINN
General Auctioneering
Farm Real Estate and Merchandise

Graduate of Jones National School of Auctioneering
ANTIOCH
Phone 147 M Reverse charges



Arthur Hadlock

Registered optometrist of Chicago will be here Sunday, July 10th. If you wish your eyes fitted with a pair of correct glasses please call at this date.

Wm. Keulman
Jeweler and Optometrist

\$625.00
F.O.B. DETROIT

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

SITUATION WANTED—For carpenter or concrete work. Will take work on farm. Phone Farmer's line, J. Galgham on the Conklin farm, Millburn. 44w1

WANTED—Work of any kind in the line of tiling, ditching, excavating etc., first class work. Tiling a specialty. Wm. Sundvall, Antioch. 40w4

FOR SALE—Will sell of part my household goods. Mrs. Filip, Wm. Barthel house, Antioch. 44w2

FOR SALE—Gas engine, Pump jacks. Farm machinery of all kinds. C. F. Richards, Antioch. 43w2

FOR SALE—Eight iron beds, \$3.50. Eight mattresses, \$8.00. Dr. Brown, Ida avenue, Antioch. 43w2

FOR SALE—Shetland pony, harness and buggy, also go-cart. Frank Dibble, Antioch. 43w1

FOR SALE—Sixteen foot 2 cylinder launch also Wolf refrigerator, make your own ice. W. C. Scott, Antioch. 33m3

FOR SALE—Buggies, wagons, harness, feed cutter, also a few pieces of furniture, including tables and chairs and an Art Garland heater. Inquire of Jos. Savage, Antioch, Ill. 42w4

SOLVE—Your ice problem and save your food by buying an iceless refrigerator. Price \$24.00. Demonstrated by Mrs. L. B. Congdon, North Main street, Antioch. 40w4

AGENTS WANTED—Want a job? Sell our guaranteed trees, fruits and plants. Easy work. Highest commissions paid weekly; part expenses. Experience unnecessary. Free supplies. The Hawks Nursery Co., Wauwatosa, Wis. 40w4

Lotus Camp No. 557, M.W.A.

Meets at 7:30 the first and third Monday evening of every month in the Woodman Hall, Antioch, Ill. Visiting neighbors always welcome.



ED GARRETT, Clerk. CHAS. RUNYARD, V.C.

Scott's Corner FOX LAKE

W. J. MANN
Storage Battery Charging and Repairing

ELECTRICAL HOUSE WIRING

White Canvas Footwear

For comfort these hot days white and black U. S. Rubber "Keds" for men, women and children in all sizes high and low shoes.

A complete line of bathing shoes and slippers.

Men's tan lace oxfords \$7 and \$8 values for \$5.50 and \$6.75.

Ice-men's white rubber hi-bootees for \$5.00 and \$5.50.

This is the place you will find the prices are right. We invite you to pay us a visit and see for yourselves.

Chicago Footwear Co.
Antioch, Illinois

SEE
WM. H. DAVIS
FOR YOUR
Rough Dry and Wet Wash
Our truck is in Antioch
Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays
KENOSHA LAUNDRY

Mr. George Arliss in
"THE DEVIL"
Friday and Saturday, July 8 and 9
Creating a Sensation Everywhere



"What an exquisite creature!"
Is he human or inhuman?
Does he love or just deceive?
Is he your friend or your enemy?
Who knows?
Not even the Devil himself.
He is all fact and no fiction and all fiction and no fact.
An irresistible play that lures by its artistic drama, that entices by its exotic beauty and entertains by its human touches.

To All Our Patrons—

We are sure "The Devil" is unusual photoplay entertainment. It is something "different." It will lift and thrill you. It will please your eye, touch your heart and amaze you by its brilliance, splendor and elegance. We commend Mr. Arliss' screen debut in this, his greatest stage success, "The Devil." And we stand back of our recommendation.

IMA LIVE EXHIBITOR, Managing Director.



MAJESTIC

BIG SPECIALS AT THE CRYSTAL

Saturday **NORMA TALMAGE** in "PANTHIA"

Also **JOE MARTIN** in THE PROHIBITION MONKEY

Admission 15c and 25c

Coming **"THE GREATEST LOVE"** Featuring Kitty Gordon
"BLACK BEAUTY"

The Voice of the Pack

By EDISON MARSHALL

Copyright, 1920, by Little, Brown & Co.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

Into a little hollow in the bark, on the underside of the log, some hand had thrust a small roll of papers. They were rain-soaked now, and the ink had dimmed and blotted; but Dan realized their significance. They were the complete evidence that Hildreth had accumulated against the arson ring—letters that had passed back and forth between himself and Cranston, a threat of murder from the former if Hildreth turned state's evidence, and a signed statement of the arson activities of the ring by Hildreth himself.



Some Hand Had Thrust a Small Roll of Paper.

They were not only enough to break up the ring and send its members to prison; with the aid of the empty shell and other circumstantial evidence, they could in all probability convict Bert Cranston of murder.

For a long time he stood with the shadows of the pines lengthening about him, his gray eyes in curious shadow. For the moment a glimpse was given him into the deep wells of the human soul; and understanding came to him. Was there no balm for hatred even in the moment of death? Were men unable to forget the themes and motives of their lives, even when the shadows closed down upon them? Hildreth had known what hand had struck him down. And even on the frontier of death, his first thought was to hide his evidence where Cranston could not find it when he searched the body, but where later it might be found by the detectives that were sure to come. It was the old creed of a life for a life. He wanted his evidence to be preserved—not that right should be wronged, but so that Cranston would be prosecuted and convicted and made to suffer. His hatred of Cranston that had made him turn state's evidence in the first place had been carried with him down into death.

As Dan stood wondering, he thought he heard a twig crack on the trail behind him, and he wondered what forest creature was still lingering on the ridges at the eve of the snows.

The snow began to fall in earnest at midnight—great, white flakes that almost in an instant covered the leaves. It was the real beginning of winter, and all living creatures knew it. The wolf pack sang to it from the ridge—a wild and plaintive song that made Bert Cranston, sleeping in a lean-to on the Umpqua side of the Divide, swear and mutter in his sleep. But he didn't really wake until Jim Gibbs, one of his gang, returned from his secret mission.

They wasted no words. Bert flung aside the blankets, lighted a candle and placed it out of the reach of the night wind. His face looked swarthy and deep-lined in its light.

"Well?" he demanded. "What did you find?"

"Nothing," Jim Gibbs answered gutturally. "If you ask me what I found out, I might have something to answer."

"Then—" and Bert, after the manner of his kind, breathed an oath—"What did you find out?"

His tone, except for an added note of savagery, remained the same. Yet his heart was thumping a great deal louder than he liked to have it. Realizing that the snows were at hand, he had sent Gibbs for a last search of the body, to find and recover the evidence that Hildreth had against him, and which had not been revealed either on Hildreth's person or in his cabin. He had become increasingly apprehensive about those letters he had written Hildreth, and certain other documents that had been in his possession. He didn't understand why they hadn't turned up. And now the

snows had started, and Jim Gibbs had returned empty-handed, but evidently not empty-minded.

"I've found that the body's been uncovered—and men are already searching for clues. And moreover—I think they've found them." He paused, weighing the effect of his words. His eyes glittered with cunning. But that he was, he was wondering whether the time had arrived to leave the ship. He had no intention of continuing to give his services to a man with a rope-noose closing about him. And Cranston, knowing this fact, hated him as he hated the buzzard that would claim him in the end, and tried to hide his apprehension.

"Go on. Blat it out," Cranston ordered. "Or else go away and let me sleep."

It was a bluff; but it worked. If Gibbs had gone without speaking, Cranston would have known no sleep that night. But the man became more fawning.

"I'm tellin' you, fast as I can," he went on, almost whining. "I went to the cabin, just as you said. But I didn't get a chance to search it—"

"Why not?" Cranston thundered. His voice re-echoed among the snow-wet pines.

"I'll tell you why! Because some one else—evidently a cop—was already searchin' it. Both of us know there's nothin' there, anyway. We've gone over it too many times. After a while he went away—but I didn't turn back yet. That wouldn't be Jim Gibbs. I shadowed him, just as you'd want me to. And he went straight back to the body."

"Yes?" Cranston had hard work curbing his impatience. Again Gibbs' eyes were full of ominous speculations.

"He stopped at the body, and it was plain he'd been there before. He went crawling through the thickets, lookin' for clues. He done what you and me never thought to do—lookin' all the way between the trail and the body. He'd already found the brass shell you told me to get. At least, it wasn't there when I looked, after he'd gone. You should've thought of it before. But he found somethin' else a whole lot more important—a roll of papers that Hildreth had chucked into an old pine stump when he was dyin'. It was your fault, Cranston, for not gettin' them that night. This detective stood and read 'em on the trail. And you know—just as well as I do—what they were."

"D—n you, I went back the next morning, as soon as I could see. And the mountain lion had already been there. I went back lots of times since. And that shell ain't nothin'—but all the time I supposed I put it in my pocket. You know how it is—a fellow throws his empty shell out by habit."

Gibbs' eyes grew more intent. What was this thing? Cranston's tone, instead of commanding, was almost pleading. But the leader caught himself at once.

"I don't see why I need to explain any of that to you. What I want to know is this: why you didn't shoot and get those papers away from him?"

For an instant their eyes battled. But Gibbs had never the strength of his leader. If he had, it would have been asserted long since. He sucked in his breath, and his gaze fell away. It rested on Cranston's rifle, that in some manner had been pulled up across his knees. And at once he was cowed. He was never so fast with a gun as Cranston.

"Blood on my hands, eh—same as on yours?" he mumbled, looking down. "What do you think I want, a rope around my neck? These hills are big, but the arm of the law has reached up before, and it might again. You might as well know first as last I'm not goin' to do any killin' to cover up your murders."

"That comes of not going myself. You fool—if he gets that evidence down to the courts you're broken the same as me."

"But I wouldn't get more'n a year or so, at most—and that's a heap different from the gallows. I did aim at him—"

"But you just lacked the guts to pull the trigger!"

"I did, and I ain't ashamed of it. But besides—the snows are here now, and he won't be able to even get word to the valleys for six months. If you want him killed so bad, do it yourself."

This was a thought indeed. On the other hand, another murder might not be necessary. Months would pass before the road would be opened, and in the meantime Cranston would have a thousand chances to steal back the accusing letters. He didn't believe for an instant that the man Gibbs had seen was a detective. He had kept too close watch over the roads for that.

"A tall chap, in outing clothes—dark-haired and clean-shaven?"

"Yes?"

"Wears a tan hat?"

"That's the man."

"I know him—and I wish you'd punctured him. That's Fallin'—the tenderfoot that's been staying at Lennox's. He's a lunker."

"He didn't look like no lunker to me."

"But no matter about that—it's just as I thought. And I'll get 'em back—mark my little words."

In the meantime the best thing to do was to move at once to his winter trapping grounds—a certain neglected region on the lower levels of the North Fork. If at any time within the next few weeks, Dan should attempt to carry word down to the settlements, he would be certain to pass within view of his camp. But he knew that the chance of Dan starting upon any such journey before the snow had melted was not one in a thousand. To be caught in the Divide in the winter means to be snowed in as completely as the Innuits of upper Greenland. No word could pass except by man on snowshoes.

Yet if the chance did come, if the house should be left unguarded, it might pay Cranston to make an immediate search. Dan would have no reason for supposing that Cranston suspected his possession of the letters; he would not be particularly watchful, and would probably pigeon-hole them until spring in Lennox's desk.

And the truth was that Cranston had reasoned out the situation almost perfectly. When Dan awakened in the morning, and the snow lay already a foot deep over the wilderness world, he knew that he would have no chance to act upon the Cranston case until the snows melted in the spring. So he pushed all thought of it out of his mind and turned his attention to more pleasant subjects. It was true that he read the documents over twice as he lay in bed. Then he tied them into a neat packet and put them away where they would be quickly available. Then he thrust his head out of the window and let the great snowflakes sift down upon his face. It was winter at last, the season that he loved.

He didn't stir from the house that first day of the storm. Snowbird and he found plenty of pleasant things to do and talk about before the roaring fire that he built in the grate. He was glad of the great pile of wood that lay outside the door. It meant life itself, in this season. Then Snowbird led him to the windows, and they watched the white drifts pile up over the low underbrush.

When finally the snowstorm ceased, five days later, the whole face of the wilderness was changed. The buckbrush was mostly covered, the fences were out of sight; the forest seemed a clear, clean sweep of white, broken only by an occasional tall thicket and by the great, snow-covered trees.

When the clouds blew away, and the air grew clear, the temperature began to fall. Dan had no way of knowing how low it went. Thermometers were not considered essential at the Lennox home. But when his eyelids congealed with the frost, and his



"You Just Lacked the Guts to Pull the Trigger."

mittens froze to the logs of firewood that he carried through the door, and the pine trees exploded and cracked in the darkness, he was correct in his belief that it was very, very cold.

But he loved the cold, and the silence and austerity that went with it. The wilderness claimed him as never before. The rugged breed that were his ancestors had struggled through such seasons as this and passed a love of them down through the years to him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wedding Rings Use Much Gold. More than 7,000 pounds of pure gold, says an authority, are required each year to supply the wedding rings for brides.

How Scroop's Sign Aided Cupid

By FREDERICK HART

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The sign, "Private Property—Trespassers Beware," did not have the usual effect on pretty Mildred Hamilton when she saw it conspicuously displayed in a pole stuck upright on the edge of the little pond in the woods. To begin with, Mildred was the undisputed mistress of many acres in that very neighborhood, and was used to roaming the country at her own free will. Then, too, she had heard that the next property had been purchased recently by a Mr. Scroop, and she had taken an immediate dislike to the name.

"He's probably an old curmudgeon who will put up high fences and buy a bulldog to keep people off," she had said when her father told her of the purchase. "I hate him already!" With which remark she had flung out of the house, pausing only long enough to get her skates.

Mildred set a high opinion of her skill on the steel runners, and when she was in a pet she would often steal away to the little pond on her neighbor's property for an hour in the winter, to return with peace at her heart from the hard exercise, and glowing with health from the chilly air.

So when she read the impudent notice board she was merely confirmed in her opinion of the unknown Mr. Scroop. She stuck out her tongue at the sign, and sitting down on a bowlder she slipped off her shoes and in a moment had fastened the gleaming skates in place. Then out upon the ice she glided.

Outer edge—inner edge—back rink turn—grapevine—she essayed them all, and all successfully. Her irritation at



Was Striding Along.

her new neighbor was rapidly dissipating when there was a sudden cracking, a sickening, sinking sensation, and then she was standing up to her shoulders in the icy water, with the churned-up flood and chunks of broken ice all around her.

The suddenness of it all caused her to utter one frightened scream. She knew that she was in no danger of drowning, for the pond was nowhere over four feet deep—this she had ascertained long ago in the summer months—but she was three miles from her home, and while the distance was nothing to her youthful strength when dry, in soaked clothes it might prove a fatal venture. All these thoughts flashed through her mind as she set herself to clamber out on the ice. At last she managed to find a stretch of ice that would bear her weight, and for a moment lay exhausted. Then she struggled to her feet, to become conscious for the first time of a man standing on the edge of the pond watching her. As she stood upright he called to her:

"Skate over here—quick! The ice will hold."

She was too wet and cold to wonder at his appearance. Obediently she did as he said, though her wet clothes hampered her. When she got to the shore he stretched out his hand—she grasped it and in a moment was standing beside him. He was struggling with the laces of her skating shoes. They were obdurate. In a moment he had given up the job, and before Mildred had time to utter more than an astonished protest he had swung her up in his arms and was striding along the lake shore toward a clump of trees.

He entered the thicket, and Mildred saw a cabin, newly built, with a big stone chimney from which the smoke was curling. Her unknown bearer set her down, opened the door, and beckoned. She staggered in—how clumsy skaters are on the land!—and found

herself in a comfortable living-room with great wicker chairs and before her a fireplace in which great logs were glowing. Her host threw an armful of kindling on the blaze, and then turned to her.

"You must get out of your clothes and get warm immediately," he said in the voice of one accustomed to be obeyed. "There are a lot of sweaters and breeches and golf stockings and things in that locker over there, and I guess you can find enough dry things. When you are ready, call, and I'll see if there's a cup of coffee to be had."

And he was gone, the door slamming behind him.

Cold conquered amazement. Mildred meekly obeyed him, and in a moment her soaked clothes were steaming before the fire, while she herself, clad in knickers and golf jacket, a bit too large, but very comfortable, was seated before the blaze, feeling that life was really worth living. She called, and in a moment the door opened. Her unknown host entered.

"Ah! I see you managed to make out," he said with a smile—quite an attractive smile. "Now let me get you some coffee."

She was about to protest, but he had a small percolator bubbling over an alcohol flame in a few seconds, and set out cups, sugar and cream. Then and only then, while waiting for the coffee to finish "perk-ing," did Mildred find her chance.

"You are a remarkable young man," she said calmly. "You pick me up without a by-your-leave and kidnap me here—though I'm very glad you did."

"You are a remarkable young lady," he replied equally calmly. "You did not scream and struggle, but realized, as few would have done, that I did the only thing possible under the circumstances. And I am very glad I did, too. And now perhaps you'll tell me who you are and why you are here."

"My name is Mildred Hamilton and I live next door, and I've always skated on that pond; and father told me that a horrid old—old flibbertigibbet named Mr. Scroop had bought the property and put up notice boards, and so I couldn't stand that, and came over. And I hate Mr. Scroop, because if he hadn't bought the property I probably wouldn't have come over and fallen in."

"I must confess that I am grateful to Mr. Scroop," said the young man, busying himself with the percolator. "But you mistake his motives. He put that board there because he knew the ice wasn't safe, and he thought it would do more to keep people off than the ordinary 'Danger' sign. And I don't think he is as black as you paint him."

"How could he help being mean, with that name?"

"He isn't to blame for his name. I know, because—I am Mr. Scroop!"

"Oh-h!" Mildred grew red. Then she said in a small voice. "Can you ever forgive me for being so horrid?"

The young man laughed. "I've been waiting for the chance to meet you ever since I found that we were neighbors," he said. "And I'm more than grateful to my name because it brought it about sooner than I had hoped. And—I think there'll be a cold snap tonight. Will you let me come and call and be properly introduced, and then—come and skate with me tomorrow?"

Mildred dropped her eyes to hide her blushes.

"I—I should love it," she whispered.

TYPICAL OF LONG STRUGGLE

Word "Giant" and Its Derivatives Really Denote Contest Between Good and Evil Forces.

Like a fly in a piece of amber, a great epoch of human struggle with the unknown forces is inclosed in the word "giant," of which "gigantic" is a derivative. We first come across the word "giant" in the Greek form, "gigas" (genitive "gigantos"). The name was applied to monstrous creatures of an enormous size and brute force who for ages contested the supremacy of the gods and the lives and happiness of men.

They were eventually hurled into Tartarus, or the lowest regions, by the power of Uranus, the god of light. The same legend is to be found in the mythology of other nations. It undoubtedly expresses in concrete form the universal conception of the struggle between good and evil, between light and darkness.

It took "giant" forces to eliminate some of the evils that beset the life of the human race, and to modify others. The day when mankind has conquered the last of the enemies of his well-being and happiness will indeed be a day of "gigantic" triumph.—Chicago Journal.

About It and About.

Our will is an illusion caused by our ignorance of the causes which compel us to exert our will. That which wills within us is not ourselves, but myriads of cells of prodigious activity, of which we know nothing, which are unaware of us, which are ignorant of one another, but which nevertheless constitute us. By means of their restlessness they produce innumerable currents which we call our passions, our thoughts, our joys, our sufferings, our desires, our fears, and our will. We believe that we are our own masters, while a mere drop of alcohol stimulates, and then benumbs, the very elements by which we feel and will.—Anatole France, in "A Mummer's Tale."

Writes Novel in Three Weeks. William Le Queux, the English author, is reported as having recently completed a whole novel in the space of three weeks.

WOULD GO FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE

Tennessee Farmer Wants to Go From House to House and Tell Everybody About Tanlac.

"If I were not so busy with my farm work I would go from house to house and tell the people about Tanlac," said A. J. Livingston, a well-known farmer, living near Ashland City, Tenn.

"I had stomach and kidney trouble and suffered torment with my back and side. The doctors could do nothing for me, so I wrote to a friend of mine in Nashville about Tanlac, and he advised me to try it, saying he had heard so many favorable reports about it and sent me a bottle."

"After taking the first bottle I felt so much better that I ordered another bottle myself and the result is I am a well man. I told a friend of mine about it and ordered a bottle for him and he had good results. I can eat anything I want and it doesn't hurt me, and can sleep like a log. To tell you the truth, I just simply feel like a new man and have more strength and energy than I have had in years. It is simply the grandest medicine in the world. I would like to see all of my friends and get those who are suffering to try it, and I hope you will reach them through this testimonial, which I have gladly given."

Tanlac, the celebrated medicine, which accomplished such remarkable results in this man's case, is a wonderful tonic, appetizer and invigorant. It builds up the system, creates a healthy appetite, promotes digestion and assimilation of the food and makes you feel strong, sturdy and well as nature intended.

Sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Advertisement.

Encouraging Symptom. Mother—Is Johnny well yet? Little Dick—I think so. I heard his mother scold him this morning.

Important to all Women Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease. If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition. Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be dependent; it makes any one so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them. By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.

When courtship ends in matrimony a man's troubles begin.

Small talk has generated many big troubles.

Do you know why it's toasted? To seal in the delicious Burley flavor It's toasted.

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

Saved My Life With Eatonic

Says New Jersey Woman

"I was nearly dead until I found Eatonic and I can truly say it saved my life. It is the best stomach medicine ever made," writes Mrs. Ella Smith.

Acid stomach causes awful misery which Eatonic quickly gets rid of by taking up and carrying out the acidity and gases which prevent good digestion. A tablet taken after meals brings quick relief. Keeps the stomach healthy and helps to prevent the many ills so liable to arise from excess acid. Don't suffer from stomach miseries when you can get a big box of Eatonic for a trifle with your druggist's guarantee.

KREMOLA A WONDERFUL FACE BLEACH, removes tan, freckles, blemishes, etc. PREPARED BY KREMOLA COMPANY, 2915 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Little Wards of the Red Cross

Photos by American Red Cross



LITTLE DAUGHTER OF ALBANIA

THE farm school at Sezze, with others like it, is helping to solve one of Italy's problems. Labor shortage, a perennial problem of the American farmer, is being solved for the future in Italy by the organization in that country of schools where farming is as much a part of the curriculum as reading and arithmetic. It is carrying forward the school garden army idea, now so popular in America, not only to meet a severe shortage, but also to set up a barrier against its recurrence in the future.

The school children of America are greatly interested in the success of these Italian agricultural schools, for they are aiding in the maintenance of more than 800 children in such schools and orphanages through the agency of the Junior department of the American Red Cross.

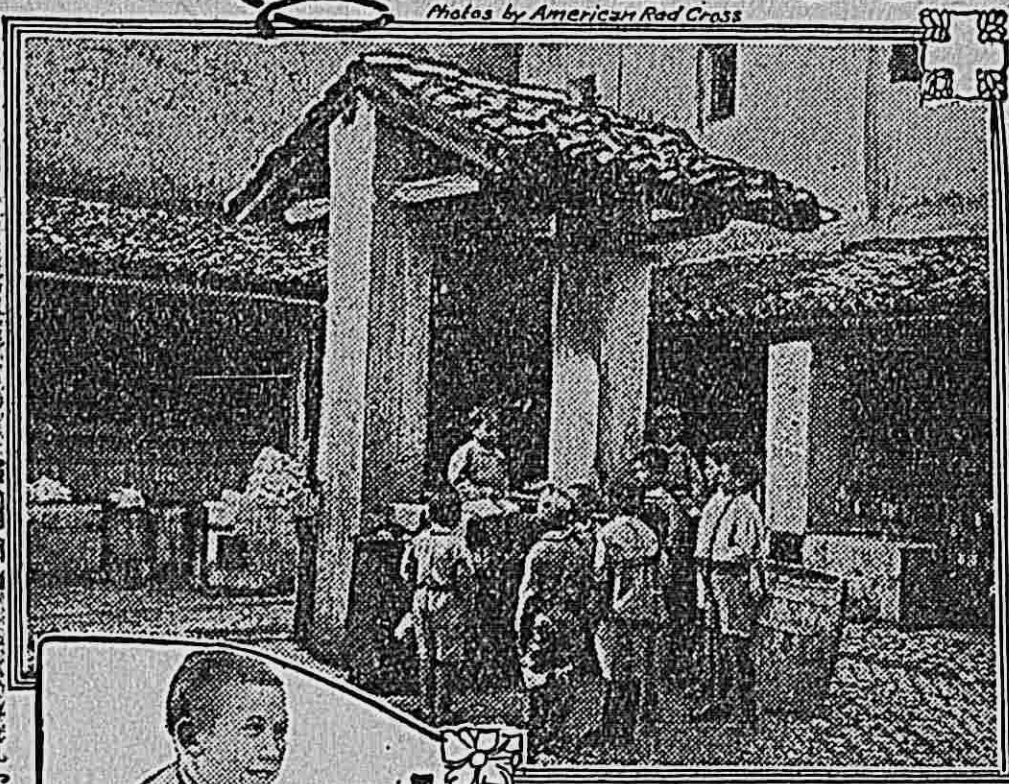
The farm school at Sezze is typical of these Italian institutions. Here 100 children from the streets of Rome, war orphans and children who lost their parents in the influenza epidemic that swept Italy the year following the World war, are being taught agriculture and given the rudiments of an education while being well cared for and restored to health in the sunshine and open air. Their ages range from 8 years to 14 in their early teens.

The farm school at Sezze is unusual because it is delivering practical farm results in spite of the youth of the pupils. These youngsters are managing wheat fields, truck gardens and barnyards in a way which brings in a fair profit and goes far toward feeding the community in which they are placed. The fact that these children are responsible for the economic rebirth of the town is generally appreciated in the neighborhood, and the school is regarded as the business center of the village.

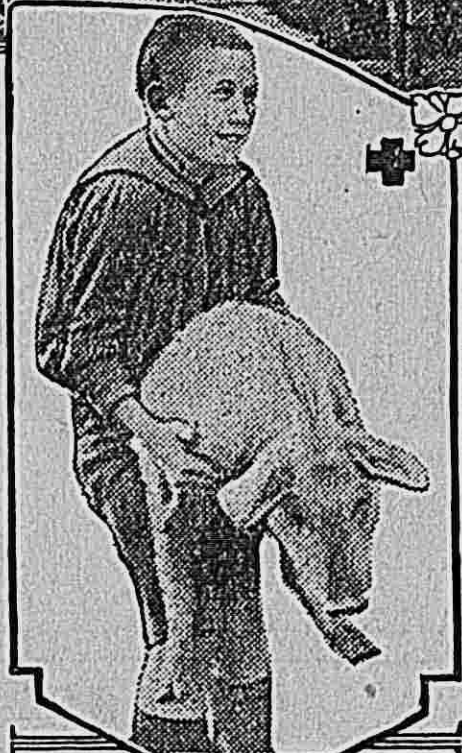
In addition to farm and school work, the boys are reconstructing the school building, an ancient monastery which is rapidly being turned into a modern structure with first-rate equipment. A new wing is well under way and American shower baths are being installed. The school is not rich enough to hire any outside labor, even if such labor could be procured. So the children of the orphanage are taking the place of the bricklayers and plasterers. In a real sense, this school is a co-operative experiment, because each boy is given a personal responsibility in the farming and a personal share in the results.

These Italian children have a great affection for their friends of the American Junior Red Cross. A few months ago a dollar bill arrived at the school anonymously in an envelope which had come from the United States, evidently sent by some one who had heard about the school. It was decided that the gift was too precious to change into lire for ordinary use. It was therefore framed and placed in the dining room. It may be taken from its frame when a special or pressing need arises. Meanwhile, the anonymous dollar hangs there as a symbol of the good will which makes American children the big brothers and big sisters of those young farmers of Italy.

Petrino and Bob have never seen each other, but they are regular friends just the same. Petrino Petrucio received a postcard from Bob Smith, Green Mountain, United States of America. Since then they correspond frequently. Petrino has named his garden plot "Green Mountain Avenue" and has put up a sign to prove it. One of the pictures shows the boys of the Sezze farm school gathered in the historic courtyard of the building,



SEZZE FARM SCHOOL IN FUTURE DOMINICAN MONASTERY



READY TO GET A BATH

which was formerly a Dominican monastery. Umberto, youngest boy in the school, is five years old. He is sitting on the antique pig which is more than 500 years old, based on a Roman foundation which goes back to the days of the emperor.

Another shows a pig about to get a bath. Piccolo, a son of old "Mayoly," has prejudice against water, but the rules of cleanliness must be observed, and he is about to have a good scrub in spite of himself.

Following are leaves from the notebook of Miss Noyes, director of American Red Cross nursing service, published in the Red Cross Bulletin. They give a hint of activities among the children, as seen from Durazzo to Podgoritz:

Leaving Durazzo on Sunday afternoon, by car, we arrived in Tirana in the late afternoon. Here again we found a personnel house, with Miss McClann as hostess. This station seemed to embrace the headquarters for the financial agent, Mr. Crawley, the director of Junior Red Cross, and the transportation and supply offices. To Tirana, the present capital of Albania, various experts in government had been brought to advise the ruling group which had been established. It was interesting to meet several Americans, including Mr. Dako, from Boston, and his sister-in-law, Miss Karles, a graduate of Oberlin college, Ohio, who had been sent by the Junior Red Cross to assist in the organization of a technical school. Dr. Reynolds was also stationed at this point, acting in an advisory capacity to the work throughout Albania.

There were three separate cottages, one for the office and men personnel, the others for women. The schools had been well developed, under the auspices of the Junior Red Cross, and Miss McQuade, an American Red Cross nurse, was doing the same type of work for the school children and the refugees as that which was being done in Durazzo. The same situation, as to lack of facilities for the children and refugees prevailed here. The housing was in stables, buildings that had been partially destroyed by fire, and the like. Soup distribution was taking place from a tent; the Albanians had provided for the cooking and the help, while the Red Cross supervised the distribution and provided the food. There was a morning ration of cocoa and an afternoon ration of hot soup which contained meat, beans and lentils. I shall never forget the pathetic line of children and adults—ragged, forlorn and depressed, for whom there seemed, as one watched them, absolutely no hope.

From Tirana we went to Scutari. Here, also, we found a comfortable Red Cross personnel house with three Red Cross workers—Miss Cleveland, who is developing a school for the Junior Red Cross; Miss Alexander, who is acting as an accountant, and

Miss Hall, a nurse. They were doing the same type of work as that which was done in the other stations, except that the group of children taken into the school were refugees.

After being cleaned up, clothed and physically improved, the children were transferred to the native schools, returning daily for food. They were being taught English, reading and writing by native Albanian teachers, sewing and some manual work. A dispensary was well developed, connecting with shower baths with an ample supply of hot water. From eighty to one hundred children visited the dispensary every day, the nurse following the children back to their makeshift homes. The midday meal for the children consisted of bread, soup and onions, and at four o'clock cocoa and sometimes milk. The children were weighed at regular intervals and they were being taught how to play.

At Podgoritz we found the Red Cross activity somewhat different from that at the stations previously visited in Albania. Here there were orphanages, with schools attached. Podgoritz is the largest city in Montenegro and is depressingly shabby, with an accentuated Mohammedan atmosphere. Miss Benedict, a representative of the Junior Red Cross, was in charge of the Junior work at this point, and, like Miss Cleveland and Miss Metcalf, most enthusiastic. The little orphanage at Podgoritz, where one hundred orphans of tender age were living, was directed by Miss Robinson, assisted by Jean Fraser, both Red Cross nurses. In connection with the orphanage was a delightful little dispensary; on all sides one was impressed by the cleanliness and order. The little children were being taught kindergarten work, such as paper-cutting, knitting, sewing, gardening, laundry work, etc.

Somewhat different was the orphanage at Danilovgrad, where the larger boys, 150 in number, were taken. We found Miss Peters, an American Red Cross nurse, in charge of the infirmary. The building was formerly an insane hospital, remodeled by the Junior Red Cross. The roof and many other parts of the building leaked and after three weeks of rain a generally damp and sodden condition resulted. The school building was new and there were two or three native teachers. Plans were being made to teach the boys trades.

At Tirana, Scutari and Podgoritz hospitals have been developed under the auspices of the American Red Cross commission. We made a special point of visiting each one of these and were delighted to find that the work had been carried on in a fairly commendable manner. The native women at Tirana, trained by our American Red Cross nurses, were doing the best they could with the nursing. At Scutari, Austrian Sisters had been secured for the work, and at Podgoritz, natives and Austrians. They all were proud of the equipment, linen, instruments, sterilizing outfit, dressing covers, etc., which had been installed by the American Red Cross. The hospital at Podgoritz, which had been established in the palace of Prince Mirko, had not been maintained at quite the same degree of efficiency as those at the other two places, although the building was more adaptable.

The conclusion that one draws after visiting these stations, where the Red Cross has formerly operated, is the importance of developing strong local committees and a group of local workers. One of the best illustrations of this type of work is the child welfare work at Athens.

while on the wing, and is therefore of benefit to farmers. The common phoebe is also known as pewee and as pewit. It, however, should not be confused with the wood pewee, which is a different species of flycatcher.

About the Rich.

There are just two classes of rich men—those who claim they earned every dollar they possess, and the others who admit that while they may not have earned all they have they deserve it, none the less.

SWIMS RIVER TO GET FUGITIVES

Sheriff Makes Sensational Capture of Two Men Charged With Murder.

ARE CAUGHT IN TRAP

Carrying Revolver in His Teeth Deputy Swims Stream and Lands Suspects After Battle in Which Many Shots Are Exchanged.

Cheyenne, Wyo.—Pursued to an island in the middle of the North Platte river, with armed posses waiting on either bank of the stream, Abraham Saulsito and Felipe Blanco, wanted here for the murder of Joe Cordova, were driven from their hiding place by an undersheriff, who swam the river with a six-shooter, and were captured after a battle.

The two men were brought back here to face the charge of murder. They are alleged to have shot Cordova to death during an altercation.

Following their flight from here the pair were traced to Bridgeport, Neb., by a posse under Sheriff Duncan of Cheyenne. Another posse, headed by Sheriff George Carroll of Bridgeport, was formed there and the men were trailed to the bank of the North Platte river.

Pursued Men in Trap.

The two posses approached the men from opposite directions, the Cheyenne party coming up on the south side of the river and the Bridgeport posse on the north.

Perceiving the trap, the two men plunged into the stream and swam to a wooded island in the center of the river, which is several hundred yards across at that point.

When the two posses arrived opposite the island, one on either side of the river, their quarry was safely hidden in the undergrowth of the island.

Deputy Sheriff Glenn E. Schultz then volunteered to swim to the island and drive the men from their covert. Stripping off all his clothing, and carrying only a six-shooter revolver which he was forced to carry in his teeth, he swam across the stream.

Battle Follows.

Reaching the bank of the island, he ran into the undergrowth and was lost to the sight of the two parties.

Almost immediately, however, the two men sought by the officers ap-



Carrying Only a Six-Shooter.

peared in the open with the deputy some distance behind them.

Immediately the two posses opened fire on the men and the suspects returned the fire for several minutes until they perceived they were surrounded, when they threw up their hands in token of surrender.

They were then escorted to the bank of the stream by the deputy and returned to the city where they were lodged in the county jail to await hearing in connection with the charge of murder.

CRIPPLE RIDES TO DEATH

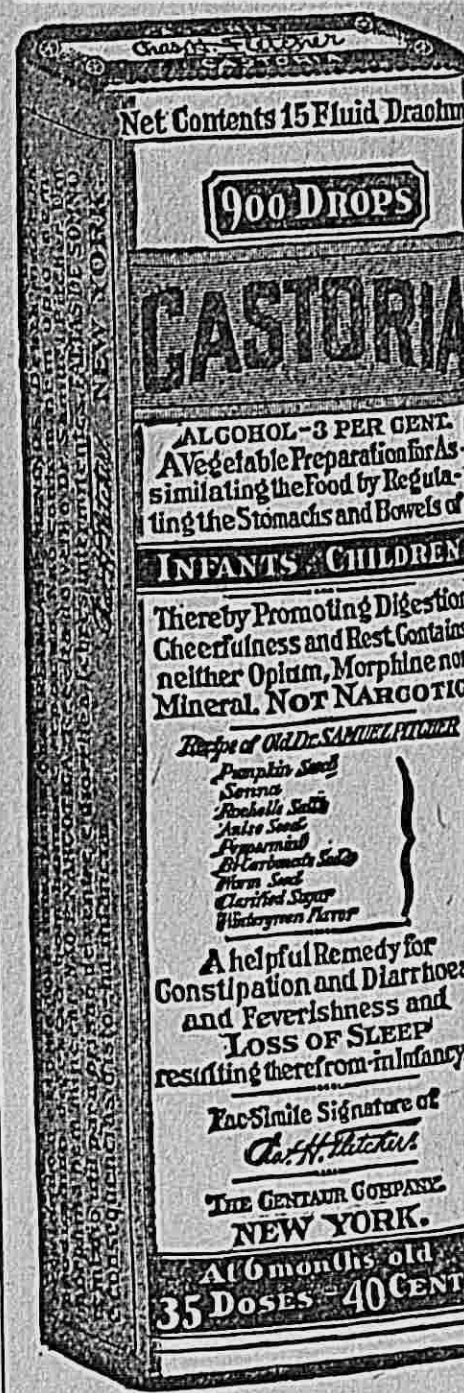
Harry A. Swart, Helpless for Nine Years in Chicago Institution, Sought Watery Grave.

Chicago.—Harry A. Swart, a cripple, rode to his death in a wheel chair. For nine years he had been paralyzed and an inmate of the Home for Incurables in Chicago. He complained bitterly of his fate.

When he was missed at the home, attendants began to search for him. He was traced nine blocks to Lake Michigan. A policeman had assisted him across a crowded street. Several pedestrians had helped him along.

"He seemed so weak and helpless I was sorry for him, and asked him if he wanted me to push the chair for him," one of the pedestrians said. "I didn't know he was taking a ride to death. I heard a splash, and a man and chair disappeared over the sea wall."

An attempt was made to rescue the cripple, but the body was held to the bottom by the heavy chair.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Hatcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

A thing well begun is better than a thing undone.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine has been homey spots. Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

EASY TO DISTINGUISH TUNES

Even One Unfamiliar With Music Could Tell the Difference by Listening Close.

Two gentlemen from away back in the big sticks sat one night in a St. Louis cabaret and listened to the chortling of a first-class, A No. 1 jazz orchestra. One of the gentlemen displayed a lively interest in the music being produced; from time to time he even beat a lively accompaniment with his feet.

His companion displayed no such interest; he actually appeared bored by the proceedings. He apparently could not understand the city's peculiar music. At last he said to his friend:

"Bill, what tune is it them birds hev been playin' all evening?"

"Tune!" snorted Bill. "You pore prune; they've played a million tunes. Can't you tell one tune from another?"

"Gosh, no. They all sound alike to me. How do you tell 'em apart? You're so blame smart."

"Huh! Why don't you listen close? Some of 'em are a heap longer than the others."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Incessant. "Madge has a pretty mouth." "A mere incident." "Wrong! Incidents are frequently closed."

And His Income Tax. "Bill seems to be quite a statistician." "Yes, he can figure out anything but how to pay that ten he owes me."

Don't Forget Cuticura Talcum. When adding to your toilet requisites. An exquisitely scented face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume, rendering other perfumes superfluous. You may rely on it because one of the Cuticura Trio (Soap, Ointment and Talcum). 25c each everywhere.

TIMES HADN'T CHANGED MUCH

At Least Young Lady Could See a Similarity Between Biblical Times and Our Own.

The unsophisticated young clergyman essayed to break the embarrassing silence that had fallen between his fair partner and himself.

"Er—have you ever noticed," he began, "how opposed to modern ideas of politeness is the wording of the Tenth Commandment? I mean the part which says 'And thy manservant and thy maidservant, and the stranger within thy gates.' The guest, you notice, comes after the maidservant."

He waited hopefully for the reply which should open up further conversation between them.

The fair one was slightly bored. Her answer came in a perfectly modulated voice. "No, I had not noticed it until you spoke, but it is as true today as it was then. He usually is after the maidservant."

An even longer and more embarrassing silence followed.—Houston Post.

A Man's Work. The potter forms what he pleases with soft clay, so a man accomplishes his work by his own act.—Hippodamia.

Travel is an education—it is an education in how to get a one-dollar meal for \$1.

Will You Have A "Lift"

If you have reason to believe, as many have, that a change from coffee or tea would be wise, try

POSTUM CEREAL

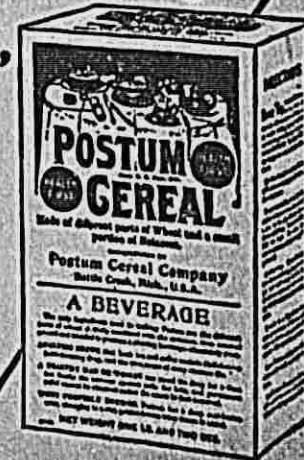
You'll find what thousands of others have found—complete satisfaction to taste, and freedom from harm to nerves or digestion

When coffee or tea disturbs, it's easy to get up where you belong, with Postum

"There's a Reason"

Sold by grocers everywhere

Made by Postum Cereal Co. Inc. Battle Creek, Mich.



Curfew Has Worked Well.

In the Middle Ages a bell was rung as a signal for fires to be covered up for the night and consequently for the people to go to bed. The word curfew is derived from the French words, couvrir, to cover, and feu, fire. In the United States a curfew has been sounded to warn young people to be within doors unless accompanied by adults. It is said that over 3,000 towns and cities in this country now

have curfew ordinances and some of them report as large a decrease as 80 per cent in juvenile delinquency since the enactment of such laws.—Exchange.

The Phoebe, of the Flycatcher Family.

The phoebe, a small, grayish-brown bird, belongs to the flycatcher family. It takes its name from its monotonous call, "pewit, phoebe; phoebe, pewit," continuously repeated, as it flies about in search of a habitation. The phoebe preys on insects, which it captures

RURAL NEWS

LAKE VILLA

Our village was full of guests over Fourth.

Miss Harriet Glynn of Chicago was week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Avery.

Mr. and Mrs. Brompton entertained several relatives from the city over the Fourth.

Mrs. Nelson and Miss Olive of Waukegan spent the first of the week with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Mussey entertained Mr. Hussey's sister and two daughters of Amboy, Ill., last week.

Mrs. Pierce of Chicago was a guest of the M. S. Miller and F. M. Hamlin families over the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. Pitman entertained friends from Texas last week—the Hendees, who formerly lived near here.

John Cribb and sons went to Niles, Mich., Saturday for a short visit with Mr. Cribb's sister, Mrs. Kellogg, returning Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Manzer enjoyed an auto trip to points in Wisconsin near Milwaukee, starting Sunday and returning Monday in time for our celebration.

The East Fox Lake Cemetery society will hold its next regular meeting with Mrs. Barney Trieger at Grass Lake on Thursday, July 14 and visitors as well as members are very welcome.

Allendale school held its commencement exercises on Monday, July 4th, and made it the occasion of a sort of family reunion, many of the former boys were there. Lunch was served under the trees and a good time enjoyed.

TREVOR

Fred Schreck transacted business in Chicago Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hahn entertained friends over the week-end.

Mr. Carey takes the place of Mr. Toohey at the Soo Line depot.

Miss Daisy Mickle of Chicago spent the week with her parents here.

Mrs. Vera Dixon entertained out of town company over the week-end.

Wm. Luck of St. Cloud, Minnesota, is visiting his sister Mrs. Hanneman.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mutz entertained their children and their families over the Fourth.

Mrs. Vera Dixon of Madison is spending her summer vacation at the home of her parents.

Mrs. Dan Longman and two youngest children visited her parents at Antioch Saturday.

Ralph Fernald and children of Fox River spent Friday with his daughter, Mrs. B. Patrick.

Lela Matthison of Oak Park spent the Fourth at the home of her cousin, Mrs. Geo. Higgins.

John Hunter, a former resident here, who with his family reside in Long Beach, Cal., called on friends here last Wednesday.

Mayor Kruckman and family and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Kinreed of Burlington called at the Hiram Patrick home Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Patrick and grand daughter Doris Kruckman of Burlington called at the Wm. Winchell home in Wilmot Tuesday.

Farmers will commence harvesting their grain this week. The extreme heat of the past three weeks has caused the grain crop to mature much earlier than usual.

Fred Schreck went to Chicago Sunday to meet his daughter Flossie, who was expected to arrive in Chicago that evening from a trip with a party to Yellow Stone Park.

Miss Marie Hunter died at the home of her niece, Mrs. Richard Oxtoby, at Spring Grove on Tuesday. The funeral was held Thursday with interment at Liberty cemetery.

Miss Helen Brown, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Brown, was married Wednesday to Arthur Bushing of Chicago at the Methodist parsonage in Waukegan. Their many friends extend congratulations.

I have the agency for
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WILMOT

Mrs. McGuire, Catherine and William came out from Chicago for the summer Saturday.

Miss Rose Brasky of Watertown is spending several weeks with her brother, Rev. Brasky.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Buckley and Dorothy were called to Chicago last week by the serious illness of Mr. Buckley's mother.

Ruth Nett had the misfortune to fall off a porch one day last week and broke two bones in her left arm. Dr. Becker was called and the little girl is getting along nicely now.

There will be a business meeting and supper for the Ev. Lutheran Ladies Aid at the Lutheran hall next Friday and a cordial invitation is extended for everybody to be present at the supper.

Opal Kabele of Plattsville, was married there to Raymond Jentz, a garage man of that city, last Thursday. Miss Kabele was a teacher in the high school last year and is well known throughout the community. The young couple will make their home at Plattsville.

Charles Harm has been very ill the past week following an operation for appendicitis, which was performed last Tuesday by Drs. Prouty and Fulton of Burlington and Dr. Becker, at his home. A nurse from Burlington is taking care of him.

Mrs. T. Fuzon of New York City, went to Washington, D. C., where she was joined by Mrs. Ballantyne for the trip to Wilmot, where they are visiting at the homes of their respective parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Wright and Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Boulden for the summer months.

Silverlake base ball team defeated the Bruner's Dairy club of Kenosha 15-7 at Silverlake Sunday. On Monday they played and defeated the Mukwonago club at the Burlington picnic with a score of 18-8. This is the eleventh game the Silverlake team has won this summer. Next Sunday they will play the Modine Manufacturing Co., of Racine at Silverlake. This is a fast team to come out and see an exciting game.

Alexander Comes of Chicago, an employee of the Hagele Ice Co., was drowned on Monday afternoon at Lake Eliza beth, Twin Lakes. The body was not recovered until evening. The Coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of accidental drowning due to heat prostration. The coroner was in Chicago on Tuesday looking up relatives of the dead man in order to make arrangements for the funeral. No one knew anything about the man at Twin Lakes.

The Camp Lake hotel was crowded over the Fourth. Two clubs from Chicago were entertained, the Anphian, an amateur theatrical society, and 33 from the Electric Appliance club. One of the girls from the Anphian club narrowly escaped drowning at the beach at Camp Lake at noon Monday. The young lady knew how to swim but suddenly stepped off into deep water and became so frightened. She was rescued after sinking twice. Dr. Bertha Raymond was called and the lady was able to return to the city Monday night.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank all those who assisted us during the illness and death of our dear mother, Mrs. Alex McDeagall.

The Children.

HICKORY

Pauline Pullen is visiting relatives in Waukegan.

Mrs. Hollenbeck spent last week in Waukegan.

Lee Savage and family spent Sunday at Emmett King's.

Joe Merville and family of Zion spent Sunday at Emmett King's.

L. E. Savage and Eyanston visited over the Fourth at A. T. Savage's.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Webb of Detroit Mich., are calling on old friends here.

Eari Edwards and family of River Forest are visiting at the D. B. Webb home.

Mrs. Jeanett Wells of Antioch and

INGALLS BROS.
OPTOMETRISTS
Graduates of McCormick
OPTICAL COLLEGE



EYES TESTED GLASSES FITTED
ARTIFICIAL EYES

Gordon Wells of Gurnee spent Sunday Curtis Wells.

Mrs. Jennie Pickles returned home last Thursday after visiting a short time in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. George DeForest and Wilson King of California are visiting relatives and friends here.

O. L. Hollenbeck and family entertained the former's sister and family of Milwaukee over the Fourth.

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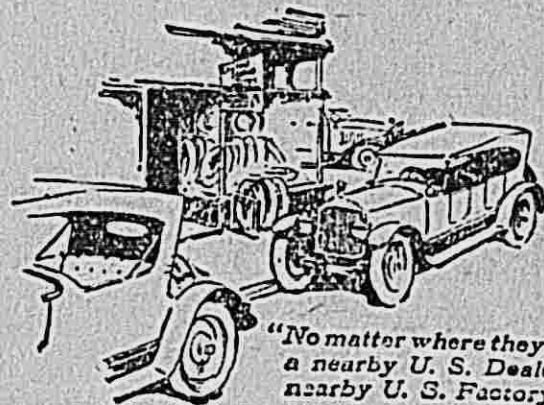
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More people are finding out every day that between leaving things to luck and getting *real economy* there is a big difference.

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No matter where they live there's a nearby U. S. Dealer with his nearby U. S. Factory Branch.

U. S. Tires keep *moving*.

No opportunity to get old and dried out. No shifting here and there trying to find a market.

Every U. S. Tire a *good* tire, wherever you find it anywhere in the country.

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